

#NationalBoyfriendDay

idiots in love - I

richiehozier (strawbeddie)

#NationalBoyfriendDay by richiehozier (strawbeddie)

Series: [idiots in love \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, M/M, Selfies, camera shy eddie, no pennywise

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-04

Updated: 2017-10-04

Packaged: 2020-01-23 20:11:54

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 737

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Come on, Eds, it’ll be cute.”

#NationalBoyfriendDay

Author's Note:

my 2nd fic in this fandom. i know #nationalboyfriendday was yesterday but my work schedule didnt let me have this finished by then lol

Eddie glared at Richie as he reached for his phone. "No!" he yelled ducking under his covers, out of his boyfriend's line of sight and away from the prying lens.

Richie rolls his eyes. "Come on, Eds, it'll be cute."

Eddie can't even count on two hands the amount of times almost that exact sentence has gotten them both in trouble. "How many times have I told you not to call me that, Richie? And no. You know I hate pictures."

"I don't know why," Richie tries again, "You're so cute, Eds. Cute, cute, cute."

"I'm not fucking cute, Richie."

"Just one picture, that's all I want and then I'll stop bugging you." Richie pleads, but Eddie's not having it.

"You already have "just one picture" of me." He mocks.

"Homecoming pictures don't count, Eddie!" Richie retorts, throwing his hands in the air.

Eddie sighs. Richie had looked amazing in his suit that night, hair "elegantly disheveled" as he liked to call it.

It was the first time they were out together, publicly, as a couple, of course Eddie wanted it documented.

"See! That right there!" Richie exclaims, bringing Eddie back to the present. "Your fucking...fond eyes and sweet face... what a sight, man. Just one of us together, please?"

God *damn it*. Eddie knows he's losing this fight. How can he not be fond when the love of his life, probably, is standing in front of him calling him cute and sweet and asking him so nicely for a picture of them together?

Richie doesn't ask for a lot, and this is obviously important to him--for whatever reason.

Eddie takes a deep breath in, lets it out, resignedly, before muttering "fine", not quite understanding the way his agreement makes Richie's whole face light up. Eddie's pretty sure that if he looked close enough, his boyfriend's eyes would literally be sparkling.

"Fuck, yeah!" Richie holds up his hand for a high five which Eddie rejects.

"What do you need me to do?"

"Nothing, babe. Just sit there and look pretty." He says, winking at Eddie like a jackass.

*

The first thing Eddie does when he wakes up is check his phone, more out of habit than anything. It's not like he's unpopular or anything. He has his group of friends and their groupchat, but the sheer amount of notifications on his homescreen has him more alert than he has any right to be at this time of morning.

[eddie_kaspbrak]: @lmaorichie tagged you in a post

Fuck.

[eddie_kaspbrak]: @mhanlon97, @bennyhanscom, and 43 others like a photo you're tagged in

Jesus fucking Christ, Richie.

Eddie opens the app and the first thing he sees on his feed is the photo of them Richie took.

It's a good picture. He hadn't really been paying attention at the time it was taken, but he could've sworn Richie was looking at the camera; what he sees, however, is himself, smiling brightly at the camera, while Richie... Richie's just looking at him.

It should be weird but it's not.

Richie's emotions are broadcast all over his face, his eyes may as well have actual hearts in them. God, he's such a fucking sap, Eddie thinks, scrolling a little to read the caption.

Imaorichie happy #nationalboyfriendday to this guy. I'm so fucking grateful to have someone like you in my life. I guess I should use this as an opportunity to thank you, right?. thank you for grounding me, and keeping me balanced. thank you for showing me what love really is. thank you for my first slow dance, and my first kiss. thank you for four amazing years, eddie kaspbrak. and many more. #eddiebear

And Eddie's not gonna cry, *he's fucking not*, he keeps repeating to himself as he wipes away tears. Now who's the fucking sap?

He opens up snapchat and sends Richie an unflattering snap of his teary, smiling face without a caption.

What he gets back moments later is a chat from Richie that's just, like, ten exclamation points followed by at least 20 heart emojis.

Eddie rolls his eyes and opens up the post again. He reads it over and over and over, until the words are etched into his brain for, like, ever.

His phone pings.

[eddie_kaspbrak]: @ss_bilddenbrough commented: "Lookin good."

Eddie has to admit, they do.

It pings again.

[eddie_kaspbrak]: @bevmars commented: "aw you guys look so happy!"

And they are. They really, really are.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading folks. hopefully one day soon i
can write something longer than 8 words.